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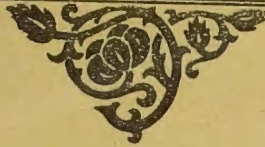
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Cedarville College, "The Gavelyte, October 1913" (1913). *The Gavelyte*. 83.
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THE GAVELYTE



OCTOBER, 1913

THE GAVELYTE

VOL. VIII

OCTOBER, 1913

NO. 1

In the Glare of the Moonlight

By Barton.

"The Freshmen will please meet immediately in the Montico Hall lecture room. Signed, Don Ingram, president." As the announcement was read at chapel by President Amos, a smile passed over the faces of the upper-classmen and a murmuring laugh arose.

"That makes their fifth meeting this week, and nothing doing yet," laughed one haughty Sophomore.

It was Friday of the first week in October. Kendry college had opened the week before with a large attendance, and the enthusiastic spirit usually found among the boys seemed this year to be riot. Association into classes and other groups came quickly and with fierce intensity. The Freshmen had organized—so had all the classes. Don Ingram had been the unanimous choice of the Freshmen for president of their class. Bold, daring, and fearless, he evinced a spirit apparently indomitable. With him as president, the Freshmen felt sure of victory in the coming struggle with the Sophomores.

"All right, fellows, the report," said Ingram when the class had assembled. Deliberately there arose a tall, powerfully built youth named Rudolph Keene.

"I wish he hadn't been made chairman of that committee," whispered one to his neighbor, "he's either stupid or proud." "I don't like him, either," was the reply.

"Mr. President," said Keene, "the committee submits the following report, after extended deliberation." Ingram winced; as president he had appointed the group which he thought would include him in their counsels, and they had not. "I can't understand why those fellows chose Keene to make that report," he thought. Keene went on. "The towers of Darcy and Mermoney halls have been used as strongholds for flaunting banners; Montico has never yet been used. The reason we sought for and this is it: to place the banner at the top of the tower some one must climb a hundred feet up an ascent making almost a seventy-five degree angle with the ground. No one has

dared to climb it before, but we think it can be done. Our plan is to use Montico tower." Here he paused. A thrill of excitement passed through the company. Don Ingram's eyes were glowing. "I'll do it," he thought. "I'm not afraid of the climb."

"I move that the report of the committee be accepted and the committee discharged." It was sudden and wholly unexpected. Keene had not sat down, but when the motion was made, he calmly withdrew to his chair. The motion was seconded and carried—the committee was discharged.

"Has anyone a suggestion or a plan?" asked Ingram. The audacity of the motion in its clearly evident rebuff to Keene had quite taken the breath of all. Only the faction already antagonistic to him had voted on the motion, but Ingram had announced it carried. Clearly the unreasonable prejudice against Keene was intensely operative. "Have we some suggestion for the scrap?" asked Ingram again, this time impatiently. Written out on the paper in Rudolph Keene's hand was a carefully worked out plan which represented several hours of midnight exploration and toil on the part of the committee headed involuntarily by Keene; but that plan was not called for, and it was not presented.

"Mr. President,"—the speaker was a little fellow who, in the short time since college opened, had become Ingram's slave—"I think tonight's the night and it will be a ripping good one. The moon doesn't come up until after twelve, so we can complete all the arrangements while it is yet dark. I move that the scrap be launched tonight with Mr. Don Ingram as commander-in-chief. Nine rahs for Ingram."

"Rah, Rah, Rah!"

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Ingram! Ingram! Ingram!"

The cheer was hearty; the suppressed excitement seemed to have found a vent. The motion was seconded and passed.

"Well, fellows," said Ingram, "all be on hands at Martin's woods tonight at eleven o'clock. And remember, no slips—the Sophs are watching." Slowly the Freshmen filed out of the lecture room, making efforts to look composed and unconcerned. Rudolph Keene, with one companion, withdrew from the hushed groups. Alone they made their way out of the building and over the campus to their rooms.

* * * *

The air was balmy, but not a breeze was astir. In the quiet of the small town all seemed peaceful and at rest. It was fifteen minutes to eleven and the first glimmerings of the moon could be seen against the starry sky. Over in Martin's woods was a different scene. Arrayed in the oldest clothes they could find were the athletic figures of bold young Freshmen, ready to fight for the honor of their class. Just a few were yet to come, and among these was Keene.

"Do you think he will come?" queried one.

"Don't know; shouldn't blame him if he didn't," was his answer. Just then the shadows parted and into their midst stepped Keene and the other Freshmen. Ingram immediately took charge.

"Everything's ready now, fellows. Here's the banner and up she goes at 11:30. You whom I name first will stay in the tower, the others will patrol the town." Carefully the list was read. Keene was one of the patrol, as was also Don Ingram. Their orders received, the groups silently dispersed into smaller groups—then each man to his post.

At 11:30 the banner was up. Don Ingram, mid the admiration of the fellows, boldly but carefully made the ascent to the top of the tower, but in the descent his care was less. Twice he slipped and would have fallen but for an agile motion; twice in the circle of watchers was heard a groan and a half audible, "God, don't let him fall." The groan was from Keene; he knew the danger for he had made the ascent the night before. Though unasked, he had followed the tower guard to witness the raising of the banner. With a sigh of relief he turned quickly aside and descended the ladder, and walked with an Indian's caution to his post.

Two o'clock had come and gone; all was yet quiet in the little town asleep in the valley. High in the heavens, in all her glory, the moon was beaming forth, flooding the town with mellow light. Keene was carefully patrolling his beat, and thinking half amusedly, half sadly of the day and what it had brought.

"I can't help it; fellows never trust me, never like me until I compel them to. It is hard, though." Just then he thought he heard a slight sound; a moment later it came again. Immediately turning toward it, he approached a small, low shed, and there in the shadow was a figure attempting to slink from sight.

"Oh! Who is it?" came from the figure and the voice was Don Ingram's. Astonished Keene replied, "It's Keene; what's wrong?"

"I don't know, Keene—guess I've lost—my nerve. The Sophs are out—I've known it for an hour, and, Keene,—” here his voice broke, "I'm too much of a coward to go through their lines. Every approach is guarded by a dozen men—the light is so bright I could even make out the fellows—and there's a conference going on over there back of that church. Keene, you have the nerve? Those tower fellows will be careless, now it's so late. Go, I can't, I'm a coward."

"I'll go, Ingram, cheer up. They're talking behind the church, you say? All right, I'm off." With a noiseless step he made his way in the few shadows to a clump of bushes where he could hear what was being said.

"Yes, they have their banner on that highest tower, but we can get it down. Rogers has been up at Montico and he says the guard there nas scattered. They don't know we're out." That was enough

for Keene. Cautiously he withdrew, but a twig cracked under his foot.

"Who's there?" came the loud demand, and the Sophs started toward him. Bounding out of the bushes he made toward the college five blocks away. A yell arose from the surprised group, and they followed in mad pursuit. Summoned by the yell, a line formed before Keene, but with masterful strokes he made a way through. On, on he went hotly chased by the aroused Sophs. At last he reached the campus before Montico Hall, a full minute ahead of his pursuers. Not pausing for breath, up he called, "Fellows, the Sophs are coming. Hurry!" A hastening to their posts on the part of the careless guard followed, and none too soon, for their assailants were immediately upon them. Keene was captured by the Sophs. The scrap was long and fierce, but at 8 o'clock in the morning the Freshman banner still fluttered from the Montico tower—the day was won.

As the Freshmen in scattered groups, later in the day, were rejoicing in their prowess and receiving congratulations from their friends, Ingram called the groups together at one side of the campus.

"I just want to tell you, fellows, that I'm a coward and Keene is a hero. I didn't bring the word last night, as some of you think; it was Keene, and he came with seventy Sophs behind and in front of him. He made a grand dash, fellows; I had tried to brave myself to it for an hour, but he did it on a second's notice. I say, fellows, right here believe me, Keene's the bravest fellow in this bunch and that flag is there because of him. Let's give nine rahs for Keene."

"Rah, Rah, Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Keene! Keene! Keene!"

A long handclasp between Keene and Ingram followed and the other fellows crowded about; and into the eyes of the one came a look of joy—he was one of the boys.

Max's Letter to Pa

Most Noble Sire:

I have now been goin' to Cedarville three weeks and such a wha'mn' lot of things has happened that it seems like three months. And say, Pa, honest Injin! I need some money.

Well, the first day we (that is the students and visitors and faculty) assembled our worthy selves together in what the President calls the chapel service. Now our President wears glasses and is very handsome. He addressed us new ones, and said he heartily

welcomed us. Then a preacher give us a talk and then the President, why he up and welcomed us a second time and I thought he must be especially glad to see me, 'cause he looked right at me, and I wasn't doin' nothin' bad, either. "Doc," (that's him) said that Mr. "Jerk-it" was treasurer and that we should pay our "intuition" to him. Well, after chapel, I found him and really I never talked to such a lengthy listener in all my life.

The next day me and "Skinny," (that's my room-mate) went to class and our first class was in Prof. Alan's room, who moved just across the hall from Miss Ritchie. No explanation is given for this change, and I'm sure I shouldn't worry my head over it. Well, next, Skinny and me, we went into German and say! just to hear that teacher talk in German was a circus!

A few days later a reception was announced at chapel for the new students and I determined to go. Now in Cedarville you have to get a girl to go any place. So I says to myself, "I might as well begin a sparkin' now as any time." And so I picks out a real gentle looking gal and I walks up to 'er sort of trembly like and I says, "May I have the presumption to ask the favor of the exquisite bliss of your company to the reception Friday night." Well, she sort of giggled and blushed and didn't say anything. Then I got afraid she didn't understand, so I blurted out: "In other words will you spark with me?" •At that she giggled worse than ever and I got red in the face and then she says, "Yes," and I says, "I'm so glad." Well, from then to Friday night I fairly walked on air. I didn't care a bit the next day when I asked what it meant to get stung and some boys say that Prof. Lanning kept a hive of bees in his laboratory and let them sting all Freshmen who didn't behave.

Well, on Friday we went to the reception, the gal and me. After the reception when we went home, I thought I had made a good impression on her, so I asks another trial and she slams the door in my face. But father! I still owe the livery bill and please! I won't do it again, soon. The weather is all rain at Cedarville. The town is some wet. The boys say it's about time for "Doc" to come again. "Skinny" has only kicked me out of bed four times, broken two window panes and three chairs since we began rooming together. Don't forget the money.

Your son,
MAX AXE.

~~~~~

Miss Fudge—Come here, Paul.

Paul T.—I'll do anything for you.

Profs. Allen and Lanning recently spent Sabbath at Clifton assisting Rev C. M. Ritchie, of the U. P. church. Prof. Allen gave an excellent address on "The Importance of Bible Study."



## Some Scattered Paragraphs

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Old students coming back have noticed several improvements this year. Among these are new chairs and tables for the waiting rooms, five hundred dollars' worth of new laboratory equipment and a new electric pump for the college water supply. Some things yet to come are: Dictionary for English department; critical works for Shakespearean course; new books for the library and a new floor in the gymnasium.

Shortly after school opened those who were entitled, received their college letters, "C" for last year. The matter was delayed to such an extent last spring that the matter was taken up after the closing of school. Hence the consequent delay. No doubt they are appreciated the more for the long wait.

The subject of Rev. Ferguson's address on the opening day was: "What is Your Life?" He insisted on the value of a high ideal and pointed out that the spiritual idea as revealed in Christ is the only really worthy and successful one. He also showed the relation and importance of habits to life and success. He pointed out as well the influence of heredity and environment, but made it clear that the controlling feature is our own choice. He emphasized the worth of true, unselfish service and sacrifice. It was an able, thoughtful address and was well delivered.

The following is the list of new students: Misses Beekman, Bradfute, Creswell, Cornwell, Finney, Fudge, Harris, Hastings, Mendenhall, Moore, Ramsey, Stormont, Scott, Tannehill and Zimmerman; Messrs. Elder, Lloyd, Tannehill and Weaver. Those taking music are: Misses Ethel Boyd, Helen Creswell, Inez Conner, Mildred Corry, Mary Cooper, Mildred Crouse, Lucile Haines, Georgia Heitzman, Martha Foster, Helen Oglesbee, Gladys Post, Bertha Stormont, Blanche Turnbull, Mildred Trumbo and Irene Wright; Messrs. Cecil Burns, Ward McMillan and Dwight Sterrett.

We wonder what about Cedarville's orator for this year. It is time to get busy and arouse some enthusiasm. Let us have a number of candidates in the preliminary.

How many students would like to see an annual put out this year, or at least a special number of the Gavelyte? If you would, get behind it at once and boost.

In our next number we hope to begin a series of sketches of different members of the alumni which will make interesting reading we are sure. Don't miss the special Thanksgiving number. It will contain a special article on "Thanksgiving," also a Thanksgiving story and other features of interest. You can't afford to miss it.

# The GAVELYTE

PUBLISHED BY THE

**Students of Cedarville College,  
Cedarville, Ohio.**

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter, in the Post Office at Cedarville, Ohio, January 19, 1906.

All correspondence should be addressed to "The GAVELYTE"---Office on N. Main St., Cedarville, Ohio.

Subscription Rate 75c per year---Single Copies, 10c.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

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| Mary Bird {             |                 |
| Cameron Ross { .....    | Local Editors   |
| Rachel Tarbox .....     | Society Editor  |
| Paul Creswell .....     | Athletic Editor |

## BUSINESS STAFF

Paul B. Turnbull.....Business Manager

## Editorial

When we arrived at Cedarville on the day of the opening we were agreeably surprised to behold a number of new faces in the chapel service. We noticed nearly all of last year's students back except those who have graduated and made their start in life.

New students especially are apt to think that the work is hard, and to become discouraged because of strange surroundings. But everyone must go thru this stage, so do not be discouraged, but just think how strange it will seem next year that you ever were lonely at Cedarville. For Cedarville stands for good cheer and a happy as well as profitable time.

So, in accord with the address of the President on the opening day, we bid you all a hearty welcome.



**"KEEP SWEET, AND KEEP MOVIN'."**

Every college student wants to succeed. Not a single one of us but what wishes to climb to the very top of the ladder of success. But success is hard to attain. Rome was not built in a day, nor can we reach the height of our ambitions in that short time. But slowly step by step we will ascend, until we realize our dreams.

But in the meantime we must have something to keep us going on or from turning aside to other things. For this purpose we know of nothing better than the motto, "Keep Sweet, and Keep Movin'."

Now a person can keep sweet and just keep on keeping sweet without accomplishing anything. Again one can move and move so indiscreetly that he will only move himself, without any effect on others. But when we "Keep Sweet, and Keep Movin'" at the same time, then we accomplish our purposes without fail.

**CEDARVILLE'S Y. M. C. A.**

Shortly after school opened a new organization of the Y. M. C. A. was effected and new officers elected. These were: President, Ralph Hofmeister; vice-president, Kenneth Putt; secretary, David Bradfute; treasurer, Orland Ritchie. It was so arranged that meetings should be held in connection with the chapel service on each Wednesday. The Gavelyte hopes that interest will grow in the Y. M. C. A. and bespeaks for it the best support of the student body.

**THE STUDENT'S PAPER.**

That is what we wish to make the Gavelyte this year. We want it to be about Cedarville college and her student body, that is, distinctively a Cedarville publication. We wish to publish all news and views of all that pertains to our institution. This includes items concerning the alumni, the faculty, the board of trustees and the present students. We wish that every organization such as the three literary societies, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. or any others shall have a voice in our paper.

Now to do this we must have the undivided support of the students and alumni in both a financial and a literary way. So we take this opportunity to urge any literary contributions which you can make, to be sent to us. If you know a good joke, send it in. If you can write a good story, let us have a sample of your product. If you know anything which you think should be published, do not hesitate to write it up. Then don't overlook your subscription. The business manager will see you concerning the matter.



## Alumni Notes

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Prof. J. Raymond Fitzpatrick, '04, and Elmer G. Spahr, '08, visited the college on Wednesday, September 17. Prof Fitzpatrick returns to the University of Pennsylvania this year.

Rev. Robert Galbreath, '01, and family, of Susquehanna, Pa., spent several weeks in Cedarville visiting his mother and other relatives. In the absence of the pastor of the U. P. church, Rev. Galbreath filled the pulpit of that church on August 31st.

Ralph J. Hill, '10, has entered Carnegie Technical School this year to take a course in mechanical engineering.

Walter P. Harriman, '12, who is a student in the Western Theological Seminary, occupied the pulpit in the R. P. church, Cedarville, on August 31st and September 7th.

Ila Ramsey, '12, who attended Wooster summer school this year, is principal of the high school at Seville, O.

The announcement of the engagement of two members of the class of 1909, Miss Verna Bird and Mr. Lloyd Confarr, was made on August 28th. The wedding will be an event of October, 1913.

Joseph A. Finney, '06, was appointed Deputy Clerk of Courts of Greene county by the clerk, J. Carl Marshall, '07.

On June 8, 1913, at the home of Dr. W. R. McChesney, occurred the marriage of Mr. Howard Creswell, '10, and Miss Mary Ellen Lownes, '13. They will be at home on a farm near Cedarville after October 1, 1913.

Rev. Wm. R. Graham, '05, and family, of Yellow Springs, Ohio, spent the summer at his home in North Dakota.

Fred Bird, '10, is a student at Ohio State this year.

Marie Garlough, '04, has returned to Des Moines, Ia., after spending the summer with her parents, near Clifton.

J. Fred Barber, '04, of New York City, spent ten days in Cedarville visiting relatives.

Among those who have returned to their places of teaching for another year are: Florence Williamson, '11; Lydia Turnbull, '11; Agnes Stormont, '03; Carrie Finney, '08, and Grace Beckley, '12.

Bertha Anderson, '13, has returned from Olathe, Colo., after spending the summer with her brother and family.

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Paul T. (in German class)—Professor, you will have to get a fly cemetery pretty soon.

Professor—What is tenacity?

Student—Tenacity is that mass which can be put in the shape of a wire.

## Bits of Locals

P. H. is leading the chemistry class. (He is always first out the door).

The girls think Bruce is fickle.

Have you paid your subscription? See the business manager.

Mr. Paul Turnbull has had several long conversations with Dr. McKinney. No chance, Paul, you'll have to talk to the girls first.

Miss Rachel Tarbox will hold a meeting of "The Rivals" October 21. Don't forget, boys!

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Messrs. Ernest and Wendall Foster, of the '13 class, left on September 25 for Lane Seminary at Cincinnati, where they entered on their seminary course. Good luck to you both!

Ask a certain student how to spell "psychology."

Blanche and Dorothy are companions in misery now. Rachel says, "I know how to sympathize with you girls."

There are several Hootenannies in college. Will somebody please explain. This paper will offer a liberal reward for a photograph of one.

There is considerable "knocking" in the new laboratory these days.

The gym. is to have a new floor. If the college would not allow the girls to play it wouldn't wear out so soon.

Success sometimes consists in adjustment.

Ralph Elder demonstrated to the oratory class that he is on to the kissing game.

Blanche says, "Stop that!"

Funny how Mary and Dave always get together in class.

Prof. Jurkat—Paul, what German tribe settled in Southern Italy?

Paul—The Bombards, I think.

Miss Ritchie—Why did Shakespeare go to London?

Mary Bird—Because he had been hunting dears (deer).

Will somebody please tell Fred Townsley who the poet-laureate of the United States is?

Student—I'm going to study.

Prof. Jurkat—A good resolution.

In political economy Prof. Allen pounded on the desk and asked why that was not labor?

Ada. W.—Because it lacks intelligence.



"To be honest with others, you must first be honest with yourself."

Miss R. in English Class—Like what part of the apparel today was the doublet?

Bill H.—Shirt comes nearest to it, doesn't it?

Fred T. (translating Ger.)—I can it also not.

Cam. (just before German)—Give me a piece of fudge, one of you girls.

Paul T.—There's a whole chairfull of fudge over there.

Miss Gladys Wildman, on her way to Earlham College, visited the college on Thursday, September 25.

Some of the domestic science girls would like to have Carey Ritchie in their class.

All students in Clifton and vicinity will be glad when the new road is finally opened up and traffic resumed. It has caused no little inconvenience and extra mileage.

"The elevator to success is not running. Take the stairs."

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## COLLEGE ATHLETIC NOTES

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### Basket Ball.

Cedarville college opened Sept. 10th, and one of the first things in which our students were interested was the prospect for a basket ball team for the season of 1913-14.

With four of the 1912-13 five back in school, Turnbull, Anderson, W. Collins, and Creswell, and Townsley from the 1911-12 team, and such men as Lloyd, Hofmeister, Duncan and Bird back in school, it certainly seems that Cedarville college is once more destined to possess a team of which she may indeed be proud and which will make the big colleges of the state sit up and take notice.

Manager Creswell is now busy scheduling games with such teams as Wilmington, Antioch, Muskingum, Ohio University, at Athens; St. Xaviers, of Cincinnati; Ashland College, and German Wallace, besides many others such as Canal Winchester, Greenville and New Straitsville.

Practice is to begin immediately and a few exhibition games will be played the latter part of November.

### Girls' Basket Ball Team.

The prospects for a good team this year are very bright with three of the old team back, Misses Turnbull, Tarbox and Morton. With much new material in college and from last year's second team it will be an easy matter to pick a winning team. Our girls claim the state cham-



plionship among the colleges and have a right to expect another one this year.

Besides basket ball, tennis is another sport which is much indulged in by the students, mainly as recreation, and it has developed some very good players. Some have suggested that we hold a two-days' tournament this year, any member of the club being eligible.

#### **Boost Our Teams—Don't Knock.**

As is well-known Cedarville likes a good basket ball team and we must produce a winning team to draw a crowd. Unless you are a member of the team you do not know how much good a little spirit does or how a knock hurts. No matter what happens don't stop the spirit, and by this help and the hard work of the team, the Orange and Blue will again ascend to triumph and victory.

## **SOCIAL AFFAIRS**

The R. P. church entertained the college students and faculty Friday evening, September 12, in honor of the new students. Various games played at small tables furnished entertainment for the first part of the evening and afterwards dainty refreshments were served.

#### **Society Reception.**

Contrary to custom the Philadelphian, Criterion and Philosophic societies held their reception together this year and it proved to be quite a success. The halls were decorated with golden rod and autumn leaves while the college colors were in evidence in the banquet room. A delightful two course luncheon was served, after which several toasts were given, Professor Lanning ably acting as toastmaster. Miss Mary Bird gave the "Welcome" and Miss Mary Hastings spoke on "College Spirit" at the close of which the C. C. students manifested their spirit by means of the Cedarville yell. In the course of the evening's entertainment a contest in the form of "An Entrance Examination" was enjoyed, Mr. Ralph Hofmeister and Miss Olive Flinney succeeding in winning the Cedarville pennants which were given as prizes.

#### **Girls' Picnic.**

At noon September 24, about twenty-five girls might have been seen "hiking" down the Columbus pike on their way to the cliffs. A fire had been built and the chief cook was busily engaged in preparing the repast. The menu was as follows: Roasted Weiners, buns, sauerkraut, baked beans, sweet potatoes, sandwiches, pickles, apples, coffee, toasted marshmallows. All enjoyed the feast and it gave the girls an opportunity to get acquainted.

#### **Notes.**

The Philo Society is expecting to have very interesting programs

throughout the year. As quite a number of the new students have joined our ranks it will be an easy matter to make our society a live one.

Misses Blanche Turnbull and Rachel Tarbox entertained a few friends September 23, in honor of Miss Kathleen Putt, who has gone to Pleasant Ridge, Cinn., where her father now has a charge.

A tennis party at the Ritchie home was greatly enjoyed by several of the college students. The members of the faculty who were represented proved themselves champions. A delightful six o'clock dinner was served to the exhausted players.

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### MY PONY.

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(We are very sure that the spirit manifested in this poem is not found in Cedarville to any great extent, if at all. We merely quote it from an exchange.—Ed.)

Who helps me when the road is rough,  
When teachers scold and profs are gruff,  
When day and night aren't long enuf?  
My Pony!

In Latin, German, French and Greek,  
I go to every class each week,  
And ride through all just like a streak.  
My Pony!

But, Oh, when Sem exams come nigh,  
And others all prepare to die,  
My pony lands me high and dry,  
My Pony!

In Math and Bible, Psych or Bug,  
In Chem and Physics, there's the rub;  
I have to sponge on some poor dub.  
My Pony!

But what care I if half my course  
I sponge, 'twill cause me no remorse,  
It's just another kind of horse,—  
My Pony!

So here's to you my friend so true,  
You'll never fail me, you're true blue,  
Upon your back I'll sure get thru,—  
My Pony!

—Exchange.



## HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION.

(Contributed by a Cedarville student and selected as the best answer to the question "How Did You Spend Your Summer?"—Ed.)

For why do you inquisitive people ask  
Me to perform such an arduous task?  
When one has been sadly disappointed,  
All the plans for the summer disjointed,  
And you were obliged to remain at home,  
Cook for the men, and sweat, and foam,  
For fear dinner would be late, and men would growl  
As men, when meals are a little late, do certainly howl.

Now besides meals, were the chickens and ducks,  
Which without feed and water raise an awful fuss;  
The washing and ironing, next to bake and churn,  
So much to do, you hardly know which way to turn.

Then near the end of the summer vacation  
You were asked to make Cedarville town your station,  
And there attend their splendid college  
In order to acquire a little more knowledge.  
Oh, my time is up, and I have only begun  
To tell of the numerous things I have done.

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represents.

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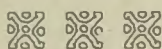
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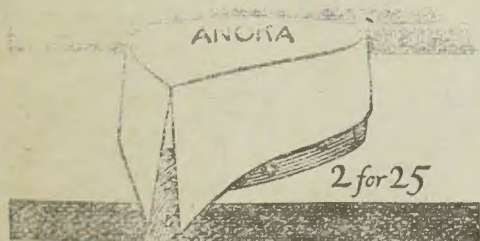
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